Krikor knew it wasn't the bicycle we were fighting about It was because we were brothers and because we loved one another and because we had been together through so many different things

Somehow we began to use the bicycle together, carrying one another Sometimes I carried Krikor but most of the time he carried me We had made a path across the lot and at the end of the lot there was a steep bank of three or four feet We used to start from our backyard and after picking up some speed we used to go down this bank.

One day while we were going down the bank in this way something happened The fork of our bicycle cracked and broke and the front wheel sank on its side It happened almost too slowly to be re[illegible] and while it was happening while the fork [illegible] breaking and the wheel was sinking we see[illegible] to be coming out of an endless dream [illegible] seemed to feel that this happening was a vast and important thing We should have thought it funny and laughed about it, but we didn't think it funny and we didn't laugh We walked back to the [illegible] nothing saying a word

[illegible] had seen what had happened from [illegible] window and when we went into the house [illegible] overcome by the shock she said, Don't

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boys realize how you ve grown? You re much too big for one bicycle now

We didn t speak about it all afternoon We sat around the house trying to read trying to feel that everything was the same that it was only the fork of our bicycle which had broken but we knew that everything was not the same It would never be the same again It seemed to me that we had forgotten our lives and that now because of the accident we were remembering all the details that marked the stages of our growth

I remembered the time I nearly lost my life in a river and Krikor swam after me shouting wildly in Armenian The time Lucy lost her job at Woolworth s and cried for a week. The time Naomi was ill and we all prayed she wouldn t

And I remembered feeling sick at heart the day my uncle Vahan came to our house in a soldier s uniform and played to us on his *violin* how cheerful my mother had been when he sat at our table and how she cried when he went away in a train. I remembered all the days she sat reading the Armenian newspaper and telling us about the unhappiness and the pain and the dying in the old country

And I remembered the day that we learned

that my uncle Vahan had been killed in France and we all sat at the supper table and couldn't eat and went to bed and couldn't sleep because we were all crying and talking about him

I remembered how on the day the war ended the newspaper printed a front page picture of our Lord and the words Peace on Earth, Good Will Toward All Men How I had come home, my voice tired with shouting and sick at heart because it was all over and my uncle Vahan was out there dead

All afternoon and almost all evening there was no talking in our house We were getting ready to go to bed when Krikor said, Wasn't it funny the way the bicycle broke under us?

My mother and my sisters said it was the funniest sight they had ever seen and they beg laugh about it They laughed softly at first would stop laughing for a moment and then remember how funny it had been and then start laughing again only louder Krikor began to laugh with them It almost seemed as if everything in our world was all right and that we had nothing to feel sad about. After a while I began to laugh too All those things had happened and yet we were still living toge our house. We still had our trees and m

mer the repair machine would come out again and we would hear it and the old watermelon fellow would pass before our house in his wagon crying watermelons in Armenian I didn t feel at all happy but I laughed until the tears came from my eyes

Then suddenly something strange happened it happened inside of me and at the same time t seemed to be happening all over the world in he cities on the surface of the earth everywhere vherever there were men I felt that at last I was part of life that at last I knew how all things nded A strange sorrowful sadness swept through ie earth and for the first time in my life I was eling it clearly personally It seems as if I had t been born and that for the first time I had a [illegible] picture a view of the earth itself of a man [illegible] of life of the beauty and the pain the joy dier [illegible] ear and the ugliness It was all very clear w ch [illegible] nd I knew why I had sat at the piano our t [illegible] keys why I had fought with my ay in a [illegible] and why we had all laughed to-reading [illegible] because tears had come to my eyes about t [illegible] and began to cry ing in the [illegible] a word Krikor began to cry And I re [illegible] my sisters began to cry [illegible] in Armenian It is no u[illegible] to

cry We have always had our bad times, and we have always come out of them and always shall

When we were all supposed to be asleep, I got up from my bed and went to the door that opened on our sitting room and opened it I saw that my mother had taken her brothers photograph from the piano She had placed it before her on the table and I could hear her weeping softly, and I could see her shaking her head from side to side, the way people from the old country do

FOOTFALLS

by Wilbur Daniel Steele

THERE IS A TOWN UP on the Northeast coast of America one of those old New England sea towns where so many Portuguese are now living that it has become almost like an outpost a colony of the Portuguese Islands

The man of this story was a Portuguese from St Michael in the Western Islands and his name was Boaz Negro He was a *cobbler* a maker and repairer of shoes He was blind

He was also happy Nothing could destroy the happiness in him the joy he took in life When he arose in the morning he made vast and uncontrollable movements with his strong arms He came into his shop singing His voice as strong and deep as the chest from which it came rolled out through the doorway and along the street and the fishermen done with their morning work and talking and smoking along the seafront said Boaz is to work already

Then they came up to sit in his shop

In that town a cobbler's shop is like a club In the half light inside it one can always make out, through the tobacco smoke the forms of men sitting around They sit for hours watching the cobbler at his work and they talk about everything under the sun.

A cobbler is known by the company he keeps Boaz Negro kept young company He would have nothing to do with the old On his own head the thick hair was gray and he himself had a grown up son But the seats around his shop were only for the strong and the daring for young men who could spend half the night drinking and then at three o'clock in the morning turn out in the rain and dark to go to their boats and start working And while they worked they sang songs playing all the while with one another among the slippery fish in the boat's bottom and making loud jokes about the things that people have talked and laughed and cried about ever since there were people—things like love birth, and death

Listening to them talking about their experiences of work and love their hopes and dr
the cobbler breathed harder and his he

faster He was a large full blooded fellow himself built to do great deeds even to hear of them made the flame of life burn more brightly in his darkness

1

There seemed little reason for a man like Boaz Negro to be so happy so joyful so full of life and energy First he had lost his eyesight then his whom he had loved so dearly had died. He had four sons Three one after another had been removed leaving only Manuel the youngest. Recovering slowly with great pain and sorrow from each of these blows of Fate that joyous spirit in him which could not be defeated was born again came to life again began to grow again

And there was *another thing quite as extra*ordinary He had never done anything in his life but work, and when Fate strikes out at people who live to work rather than work to live they seldom have the *power to pick themselves up* again What s the use? they ask weakly—and gave up But Boaz Negro never gave up

Work in the dark! Work work work! *Wor* without success and without apparent end N rich food no servants no fine house

How he had worked—especially in those earl

years Not only in the daytime, but also, sometimes, when there were many shoe repairs to do, far into the night. It was a queer experience for anyone, passing along that quiet street at midnight to hear coming from Boaz Negro s shop the steady blows of *hammer* on nail hammer on leather, again and again and again Knowing that he was blind

Nor was that sound the only one that came from the shop no man in town could get far past that shop, at any hour of the night unobserved by that blind man No more than a dozen steps, a dozen footfalls, and from the darkness Boaz s voice would roll out loud and friendly, Good night Antone! Good night to you Caleb Snow '

To Boaz Negro, hearing the footfalls, it was till broad day He knew everybody by their footfalls

Now, because of all this work, Boaz Negro was *what might be called a man of property* He owned his own place—the shop opening on the side wall and behind it the two-story house in which he lived

And there was always something for on Manuel, a piece for the pocket or a five or even a ten-dollar bill if

got to have it Manuel was a good boy Boaz not only said this he was certain of it

It is strange that Boaz who in spite of his blindness could see his neighbors and their children with all their faults and failings so much more clearly than they could see themselves was so utterly unable to see his own son as he really was For to most people Manuel was anything but a good boy In fact they thought he was a very bad boy

Boaz Negro s simple explanation for his son Manuel s apparent unwillingness to work was that he wasn t very strong To others he said this and to himself Manuel wasn t in fact very strong Why should he be strong when he never did anything to make him so? Why should he work when all the necessities of existence were provided for and when there was always that "piece for the pocket? Even a ten dollar bill o a Saturday night! No Manuel wasn t strong

The members of the cobbler s club though they argued about everyone and everything else never argued with the cobbler s explanation of his son s idleness Boaz was blind They were his guests These strong and daring young fello respected and loved him Whatever they migh

think about Manuel they said nothing If Boaz thought he was 'a good boy then he was a good boy'

This did not prevent them, later after the bad thing had happened, from saying that Boaz was himself largely to be blamed for it

'He was too soft with the boy they said 'He should have put him to work that's what He should have said to Manuel Look here, if you want a dollar, go earn it first'"

As a matter of fact only one man before the bad thing happened, ever gave Boaz that advice direct That was Campbell Wood and Campbell Wood was one man who never sat in that shop and who was certainly not a member of the club

In every small American town there seems to be one young man who is spoken of as rising, who will go far,' who will be a great success Very often he is not someone who was born in the place, but from away, He is always hard working always careful of his dress and appearance always regarded as a model of what a good and rising young man should be

In this town that man was Campbell Wood. He had come from another part of the world at the bank He lived in the upper

Boaz Negro s house as the lower part was now more than enough for Boaz with only Manuel left of his family

Although Campbell Wood never sat down in the shop he always when walking through had a nice word for the old cobbler—a cheerful good morning or good afternoon or *good night* or a remark about the weather and the *possibility* of rain

Boaz s feelings about the young man were mixed On the one hand he respected him for his position at the bank on the other hand just be cause he held that position there was something about him that he didn t like didn t trust This was because Boaz was himself an uneducated *sort* of fellow

To uneducated people the idea of large scale business and banking is as uncomfortable as the idea of the law *It must* be said for Boaz that, since the young man *Campbell Wood* always con ducted himself so well he thought he had no right to have this feeling about him

But it came back with full force one evening *when Mr Wood finding no-one* else in *the shop* on his way upstairs stopped for a minute to give Boaz the bit of advice we have already *spoken of*

"Haven't you ever thought of having Manuel learn the cobbler's trade?"

The old man was immediately on the defensive. Perhaps he had a kind of sixth sense that warned him that there was more behind the question than there might seem.

"Shoemaking," said Boaz, "is good enough for a blind man."

"Oh, I don't know, at least it would be better for him than doing nothing at all."

Boaz, holding his hammer in mid air, stopped working. He sat silent, seemingly unmoving and unmoved. But inside he was boiling. So greatly was he shocked by Wood's suggestion that his son was a good-for-nothing waster that for once he could not come out with his usual "Manuel isn't too strong, you know." He was angry. Suddenly he found himself hating Wood. Now he was certain, a hundred times more certain, that he did not trust him. How dare this young fool say such a thing about his son, and in a place where Manuel himself might hear?

Might hear? Where Manuel had heard! Boaz, sitting in his darkness, had heard no sound, no footfall, no movement of a floorboard. Yet by this time, strange sixth sense of the blind, he kr

that Manuel was standing just outside the door way which led from the shop to the house

Boaz made a huge effort to overcome his feel ings The voice that came out of his throat-- rough and bitter--was loud enough to have carried ten times the distance to his son s ears.

Manuel is a good boy!

Yes--hm--yes--I suppose so

Wood moved his weight from one foot to the other but he seemed uncomfortable

Well I ll be going I--good heavens!

Something was happening Boaz without under standing had the impression that Wood was try ing to prevent something from falling to the ground But from the sound which followed it was evident he had not succeeded It was the un mistakable sound of metal as it dropped on the floor Boaz even heard that the metal was *minted* and that the coins were of gold Now he under stood.

A bag of gold coins held not quite carefully enough under the other s overcoat had slipped and fallen

And Manuel must have heard it fall too that was certain!

Boaz sat frozen in sudden fear and terror And surprise! Surprise at himself!! He had never

doubted that Manuel was a good boy Manuel had to be a good boy, for was he not also the son of the woman, now dead, whom Boaz had loved so much? Why then should he wish, as now he wished with all his heart that Manuel had not heard the sound of the falling gold?

There, shocking soul-destroying, stood the sudden fact.

There was no sign on the face of Boaz, or in his figure, of the wave of emotion which had swept over him But so great was the shock of realizing that he did not trust his own Manuel that he hardly took in the sense of what Wood was saying Only a word here and there

'Government money, you understand—for the new harbor works—a lot of money—too many people know about it here everywhere—don t trust the bank safe—only made of tin—give you my word—Heavens no!

What it all came to was this—it was government money, and Mr Wood had thought it would be safer to take it home than leave it at the bank where it might so easily be stolen Who out of all those who knew about its existence, would expect this young bank officer to undertake the responsibility of carrying it under his overcoat in such an apparently careless manner, to his

behind the cobbler shop of Boaz Negro? Wasn't that therefore the safest place for the gold?

He was sorry the coin bag had slipped he went on not because he did not trust Boaz but because he did not want anyone to have to share the responsibility of knowing about the secret hiding place of the gold Not even Boaz On the other hand how lucky it was that it had been Boaz and no other He was no more anxious about the safety of the gold now than before One honest man knows another

I trust you Mr Negro as much as I would myself As long as it s only you I am going up to my room and I ll just throw the bag under the bed See? Good night!

Boaz ate no supper that night For the first time in his life he could not eat Always before even when he was suffering from some blow or loss he had eaten what was put before him Tonight over his untouched food he watched Manuel with his sightless eyes listening to the way he ate the way he moved the way he breathed as though he hoped in this way to gather some sign of what was in the boy s mind

Boaz made another great effort. Manuel he said you re a good boy!

It was as if in what he said there was a mixed quality of appeal, of despair, and of command.

"Manuel, maybe you need a little money, hey? Look, what's this—a ten-dollar note? Well, you take it, go and enjoy yourself."

The boy took the money, but even that gave Boaz no comfort. He went out into the shop, where it was already dark, arranged his tools, and having got all ready to work he found himself unable to work. He was listening. Soon he heard footfalls. The story of that night was written, for him, in footfalls.

He heard them moving about the house on the lower floor, going here, going there, stopping, starting again, going forward, then backward, then forward again. About this seemingly purposeless, endless walking around there was something to twist the nerves.

Boaz lifted himself from his chair. Something told him he should go and find out what was happening, that he should stop—by his presence, by his personality, by his good will—anything, from happening. But something else—maybe a desire to know what, without action on his part, would happen—held him back. He sank back again; his hands fell down.

He heard footfalls too on the upper floor.

for a while nothing Time went by In his dark ness it seemed to Boaz that hours must have passed Then he heard Wood calling out from the top of the stairs

What s wrong down there? Why don t you go to bed?

After a moment came Manuel s voice I m not sleepy I can t sleep

Neither can I Would you like to play cards with me for a while?

O K !

The lower footfalls went up to join the foot falls on the upper floor There was the sound of a door closing

Boaz sat still He ought to have run up the stairs as fast as he could and beaten with his hands on that door But he seemed unable to move

Once more long after the town clock had struck twelve he heard footfalls He heard them coming around the corner of the shop from the house and then dying away in the distance lost in the sound of the wind Boaz s muscles tight ened all over him He wanted to start up to throw open the door to shout into the night, What are you doing Stop there! Say! What are you doing? Where are you going?

But as befo e he could not something held him

motionless. He did not move. And then those footfalls, on which all the next ten years of his life were to depend, were gone.

There was nothing to listen for now, yet he continued to listen, his strong hands resting on the unfinished work.

There was a high wind that night, blowing not toward the shop from the house, but toward the house from the shop. That is how it could come about that Boaz Negro, who, like all the sightless, had such a strong sense of feeling and of smell, could sit waiting and listening to nothing in the shop and not know of the great evil that had come upon him till he heard shouts in the street outside.

"Fire!" he heard them shouting. "Fire! Fire!"

Only slowly did he understand that the fire was in his own house.

Half an hour after dawn the searchers found the body of what was left of what might be called a body. The discovery came as a shock. It seemed unbelievable that a man like Campbell Wood, so young and in such good health, should not have awakened and escaped before the fire reached the upper floor. Even if he had been asleep.

And he had not been asleep. In place of a

had been done by the fire it could still be seen that at the moment of his death he was fully dressed down to the last detail in the clothes that all the bank s customers knew so well A man does not sleep with his clothes on The head had been broken in as if with some iron instrument

Soon whispers began to go around.

'Where is Manuel?

Boaz Negro still sat in his shop seemingly unmoving and unmoved his thick hairy arms resting on the arms of his chair Into his eyes no change could come He had lost his house it would seem that he had lost his son But he had also lost something much more valuable something that no one can buy or sell—the joyous inner fire that had made life so dear to him

Where is Manuel? they asked him

When he spoke his voice was like the voice of a man already dead

Yes where is Manuel? He answered them with their own question

'When were you last with him?

At supper

'Tell us, Boaz, you knew about this gold?

And did Manuel?'

He might have asked them how he was to know what Manuel knew, but as before he nodded his head.

'After supper, Boaz, you were in the shop? You heard something?'

He went on to tell them what he had heard: the footfalls, below and above; the extraordinary invitation to play cards, and finally the last footfalls going past the dark wall of the shop. But of all that had gone on in his mind he said nothing.

They could get no more information out of him. He became as it were not only unable to see but also unable to hear and to speak. Only once more did he open his mouth. As the police were preparing to leave he said, with no expression in his words: 'Now I have lost everything, my house, my last son, even my honor. You would not think I would like to live. But I go to live. I go to work. That CACHORRA![1] One day he shall come back, one day he shall come back again, in the dark night, to have a look. I shall go to show you all. That CACHORRA!'

[1] CACHORRA is the Portuguese word for a [illegible] of dog. It was as if [illegible] done what he had done he had lost his right to be regarded not [illegible]

one of the family but even as a human being

That CACHORRA!

When those around Boaz said that the might come back much sooner than he expected with a rope around his neck—he shook his head slowly

No you shall not catch that CACHORRA no

But one day—

Manuel Negro was never found The months passed and became years Boaz Negro did build his house again Even if he had wanted do so it would not have been easy though spent hardly anything on himself for his earn became less and less

Boaz had changed No longer was his shop club where you could expect to meet people talk and laugh In his shop you found only the silence of the grave And people especially that town do not like the silence of the grav Boaz s young friends had come and they had trie They had raised their voices even higher th before told more jokes laughed more loud But against the rock of the cobbler s stony silen they could do nothing So they went away an left him alone

As time passed Boaz became in a way mo

'And did Manuel?'

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one of the family but even as a human being That CACHORRA!

When those around Boaz said that the CACHORRA might come back much sooner than he expected—with a rope around his neck—he shook his head slowly

No you shall not catch that CACHORRA now But one day—

Manuel Negro was never found The months passed and became years Boaz Negro did not build his house again Even if he had wanted to do so it would not have been easy though he spent hardly anything on himself for his earnings became less and less

Boaz had changed No longer was his shop a club where you could expect to meet people and talk and laugh In his shop you found only the silence of the grave And people especially in that town do not like the silence of the grave. Boaz s young friends had come and they had tried. They had raised their voices even higher than before told more jokes laughed more loudly But against the rock of the cobbler s stony silence they could do nothing So they went away and left him alone

As time passed Boaz became in a way more

and more like a kind of vegetable, for the quality of a vegetable is that though it has life, it remains fixed in one spot. For years he was scarcely seen to move foot out of that little shop that was all that was left to him.

What did he do there in that little shop of his, all the time? The little work which he got could not have kept him occupied more than one or two hours each day. But anyone passing almost at any time, even far into the night, would hear the blows of his hammer. Blows continuous and powerful. On what? On nothing? On bare iron? For what purpose? To what end?

Well, one could imagine those arms, growing paler and paler with no sunlight ever falling on them, but also growing ever thicker and stronger with that unceasing labor. Stronger for what? Maybe for a certain day.

That CACHOPPA! One day—

The man had become, you might say, two arms and two ears. Can you imagine a man listening, listening hard, all through the waking hours of nine whole years? Listening to footfalls. By day, by night, winter and summer, and winter again. For the first three years he wondered when it would come. For the next three years [illegible] if they would ever come. It was d[illegible]

three years that a doubt began to trouble him Suppose after all that his ears should fail him Suppose that it was possible that he could be tricked without his being able to know it Suppose that that CACHORRA should come and go and he Boaz should let him pass untouched! Suppose this thing had already happened!

Or the other way around What if he should hear the footfalls coming even into the very shop itself? What if he should be as sure of them as of his own soul? What then if he should strike? And what then if it were not that CACHORRA after all? How many tens and hundreds and millions of people were there in the world? Was it possible for them all to have footfalls so different that he would recognize these special ones?

He might make a mistake Then they would take him and hang him He did *not mind* being hanged so much but then that CACHORRA might come and go untouched

Suppose!

Strangely enough after all these doubts he did recognize the footfall For a moment at least when he had heard it he was unshakably sure

It was on an evening of the winter holidays the Portuguese Christmas It was not strange that

He had failed to hear the footfalls until they were actually within the door. A crowd of merrymakers were passing just then, their songs and marching almost shook the shop.

Boaz sat back. His nerves were stretched almost to the breaking point, his muscles had grown as hard as wood. Yes! Yes! But no! He had heard nothing—no more than a single step. Dear God! He could not tell!

He opened his lips.

"What can I do for you?"

"Well, I—I don't know. To tell you the truth—"

Boaz did not recognize the voice, but it might have been changed purposely.

"I don't hear very well," he said. "Come nearer."

The footfalls came halfway across the floor, and then stopped, seeming to hesitate. The voice too had a note of uncertainty.

"I was just looking around. I have a pair of—well, you repair shoes?"

Boaz nodded his head. It was not in answer to the words, for he had hardly heard them. What he had heard was the footfalls on the floor [illegible]

Now he [illegible]. At last, he [illegible]

[illegible]

He heard the voice once more

Well I haven t got the shoes with me I was —just looking around "

Wait! said Boaz Then bending his head as if listening to the winter wind It s cold tonight You ve left the door open But wait! Bending down in one sure continuous movement he grasped a rope s end hanging by the chair No hesitation No searching How many hundreds how many thousands of times had he trained him self to make that movement

A single strong pull And with it the front door had clo ed and locked itself Not only the front door The other door leading to the back had also locked itself Then leaning forward from his chair Boaz blew out th w had lit, for a customer only he heard the footfall

There was not a s
feet contin
road But
was only su

Boaz lis
was in the
it seemed
round, even

man, who was like some small animal about to be caught by a cat

It was hard even for Boaz for the cat, to remain still Listening became more than a labor He began to have to fight against a desire to leap forward, though not knowing in which direction to leap To keep still he grasped the chair arms To keep quiet he sank his teeth into his lower lip He would not move until he knew where the man was! He would not!

And of a sudden he heard before him in the center of the room, a sudden outburst of breath which could no longer be held back—thick, laborious, fearful

Pushing himself from the arms of the chair Boaz leaped.

His fingers passing swiftly through the air, closed on something It was hair, thick hair, the sort of hair that grows on a man's face It was a man's *beard*

had it come from? Those nearest said it came from the cobbler s shop of Boaz Negro

They went and tried the door It was closed even locked as if for the night There was no light behind the window shade They beat on the door No answer Then some ran around to the back and in the end they broke down the door

The body lay on the floor at Boaz s feet where it had fallen the backbone broken under the pressure of the cobbler s huge thick arms Those arms were so weak now they *could* not even have lifted a hammer it seemed unbelievable

Boaz when they saw him was sitting back in his chair his arms resting on the sides At last raising his sightless eyes to the crowd of open mouthed onlookers at the door he said

Tell me one thing now Is it that CACHORRA?"

What had made him weak was the doubt which had again filled him That beard Could he be sure?

Manuel? one of them said. You mean Manuel?

Not Manuel Manuel was a good boy But tell me now is it that CACHORRA?

Here was something the crowd had not expected. They took a longer harder look at the face of the dead man

'Say now,' said one of them. 'Doesn't it look like that fellow Wood himself? The bank fellow—the one that was burned—remember? Himself?'

'That CACHORRA was not burned. Not that Wood. You fools!'

Boaz spoke from his chair. After his long silence they hardly recognized his voice. 'That CACHORRA was not burned. It was my boy that was burned. That CACHORRA killed my boy. That CACHORRA put his own clothes on my boy, and he set my house on fire. I knew that all the time. Because when I heard those feet come out of my house and go away, I knew they were the feet of that CACHORRA from the bank. I did not know where he was going to. Something said to me—you better ask him where he is going to. But I did not know my house was on fire. I did not know what he had done to my boy. You fools! Did you think I was waiting for my own boy?'

poor man s way Boaz began to build his house again

And slowly at first like a green plant pressing out from the dead earth that priceless fire of the man s joy in life was seen returning It was a fire that still after all his suffering and waiting had not gone out.

One by one the strong and daring young men came back to his shop to talk and to laugh

HOST TO THE HEROES

by Milla Logan

When my father was brought to this country from Serbia he was only four years old— much too young to have any real memories of life as it was lived in the old country. But in San Francisco where we lived there were quite a few Serbians who had come over much later in life and one of father's pleasures was to keep up in their company what he thought were the old-time social customs of the land of his birth.

On many nights my father gathered as many as ten or fifteen Serbian compatriots around the dining-room table to sing old songs of heroism. The singing was by custom supposed to be loud and mos[illegible]

tains of Montenegro and not in the more civilized seaside towns where both families had lived for the past two or three hundred years

To the delicate ears of my three aunts who lived with us more used to the Westernized music of the coast the songs sounded like the *tuneless* screaming of a *sawmill* all based on only two or three notes and half notes and going on and on endlessly

Although my father loved to throw himself into the spirit of these singing parties he was no singer himself and never could remember the words of the songs The only song he had ever been able to master was one he had made up him self It was a mix up of two songs with only two lines of words one from each He went from one to the other and then back again It sounded like this Let the punishment fit the crime we were sisters and they were brothers

While the others sang at the top of their voices he sat at the head of the table his face red with pleasure and imagined himself acting as *host* to a band of heroes on a Montenegrin mountaintop

His enjoyment was lessened if the family didn t sit at the table too and so my mother and the rest of us crowded together at the lower end

where according to the old Serbian custom, the women belonged

These songs around the table were not the only way my father had of answering the call of his mountain. Many times the mountain sent him an appeal for help. "Every day it is harder to dig a living out of these rocks," some relation would write and my father would bring another "cousin" to America.

"Cousins!" Aunt Eva would say. "They're not related to us at all. That's stretching things too far."

This sort of talk always hurt my father's feelings. "Your own brother Mario says they are, and he ought to know. He was there until he was 18, wasn't he?"

But Aunt Eva had an answer to that. "And I was there when I was a grown married woman with three children, and I tell you those people are no blood ties of ours."

"It depends on how far back you go," our [illegible] cousin Vlado would point out. "If you take the past few years, no. But if you go back to old times, we were all one family."

"What's the use of talking about it?" [illegible] would ask. [illegible] and a long [illegible]

[illegible] From 1859 until he [illegible] almost a hundred years old, my great-grand[illegible] home in San Francisco had been a [illegible] who followed him [illegible] The visitors would stay for a few [illegible] "the old man" would give them [illegible] to find work.

[illegible] call when one of my father's [illegible] on his way to the United States [illegible] an air of absent-minded [illegible] and he would sing under his [illegible] "[illegible]"

[illegible] on one such occasion everybody [illegible] to tell us the news. At last [illegible] no longer. "What is it, a [illegible]"

It was a telegram. The cousin was already in New York and would be sitting at our table in [illegible] a week.

"[illegible] cousin!" exclaimed Aunt Eva. "I don't believe it. I don't believe he's related to us at all."

But my father had the cousin's life story in writing. "I checked with Nikolaus Ires[illegible]" he [illegible] pulling a letter out of [illegible]

kola says that he is related to us Way back of course He gave her the letter

Aunt Eva threw it back at him I still don't believe it, she said I've never heard of him before'

In a few days a stranger came into our house He was tall and his face had an unhealthy yellow color He was Branko the only representative of his branch of the family in America as my father introduced him importantly Branko shook hands with the men but only nodded to the women In the Serbia of those days from which Branko had just come women were not regarded as men's equals Their duty was simply to serve the men and keep their place in the kitchen My mother and aunts felt the same way about this attitude as they did about the singing parties but to please my father they did what was expected of them

I never did this before in my life Aunt Lube said angrily as the women [illegible] in the kitchen My mother and my grandmother [illegible] to eat [illegible] dukes and now I'm pushed into the kitchen by this [illegible] country [illegible] from the mountains of Montenegro

And do you think I'm [illegible] said to me Aunt Eva

said It certainly wasn t the custom in my family

My mother laughed. Oh let them be great strong heroes just for tonight It s good for Sasha He s what the Americans call a throwback a throwback to the mountains

The next night so that the feelings of Striko Marko s family shouldn t be hurt Branko ate with them and slept under their roof Then the next custom to be observed was to take him around for a call on the house of every relation on both sides of the family Since there would be many houses to visit covering a wide area it would be a night and day job By night my father and Striko Marko and other male relations could do it But as none of the women wanted to go during the day I as the older child in our family was to accompany Branko together with Striko Marko s oldest child who was also a girl.

On these visits all the proper formalities had to be observed We knew exactly what we had to say what we would be expected to eat and how long we were expected to stay During the visits Branko sat at the head of the table and cut his fingernails with a pocket knife or cleaned his teeth with a toothpick.

My father got Branko a job as a dishwasher and after he had paid my father what he o ed

him for the journey he began to save up his money so that he could go back to the old country. It took him two years to save up enough. At the end of that time he left, with a roll of American dollars and a few words of English.

In less than a year, my father came home one night singing his little song. A week later Branko arrived from New York, with two more cousins. This time he was the one to do the showing around: he conducted the new cousins on their house-to-house visits and told them how to speak English correctly. When they showed how little they knew about American ways he laughed at them.

Branko got a dishwasher's job again. When he had paid back his debt of honor to my father and got another roll of dollars together he took the boat for the old country once again.

Aunt Eva would not look up from her sewing when he came to say goodbye to her. "Next time don't send a telegram for money," she advised him. "Just come Cash On Delivery. Get on the boat and Sasha will pay for you when you get here. The steamship company should know that by now."

But when we poured the story out to him he took the whole situation as a good joke He did not argue about the 500 dollars Of course he said to the Mexicans I don t have all that money on me but I ll see you first thing in the morning when the bank opens

They agreed to meet in a hotel where the Mexicans had rooms They shook hands with my father in a very friendly way

We wish we could always do business with a gentleman like you one of them said My father walked to the door with them and said something we couldn t hear

He s probably saying he s sorry because I didn t cook some hot food for them said Aunt Lube

The next day my father got Branko a job washing dishes again and he started to save up enough to pay my father back and return to the old country

The honor of the mountains my father said when Branko paid his debt

NORTH IS BLACK

by Oliver La Farge

IT IS TRUE THAT WE Navajos say that North is black and cold and bad. It is no use showing me pictures of mountains in the north all white because they are covered with snow. I know those mountains. I have seen them. But, for me, the North is black.

When I was a boy they took me to San Carlos, where the Apache Indians are. They taught me to talk American. I ran away and lived all alone until my hair grew. By the time my hair was long again I had made myself a bow and arrows, [illegible], a skin blanket. I had stolen two horses. I was always like that.

trading post near the railroad a few miles from my mother's *hogan* I lived there because I did not think of marriage all the time I was studying to be a singer learning about the Gods and the Medicine I did not think about women

Red Beard was not like other traders He had come out to this part of the country because he was sick He did not care about the trading He was honest with us and we made money out of him He had a lot of friends coming to see him from the East They liked to wear little guns but they never shot anything most of them did not know how to shoot Their women came out with them There was one who was tall and straight and had black hair like an Indian's and brown eyes She pulled her hair tight tying it behind, like a Navajo I fell in love with her

One day while I was planting corn I looked up and saw a *rainbow* in the sky and the thought came into my mind "That looks like that American Girl Then I was frightened for I knew I must be in love How could any man think that the rainbow which is the Way of the Gods looks like a woman unless his eyes are twisted with love?

Once when I was with Mountain Singer learning Medicine I had to say I walk with beauty

all around me,' and my mind wandered to her I forgot about the Gods and the Holy Things I said to Mountain Singer, 'My mind is bad ' He told me to go without food for some days

When I had gone without food for four days I returned to my mother's hogan When I came in, she said 'What is the matter with you?' I said 'I am sick inside I am bad inside I must make myself clean'

My mother said, 'You will not wash out your sickness nor pray it out That is man's talk.'

I had already gone without food No I let down my hair praying I went into a hot steam bath All the time that I was there I sang When I came out and I jumped into the river I felt all well again I ran [illegible] and learning But it was

and cry Sometimes though I would want to leap and run because I had foolish thoughts When the corn began to come up I was like that all the time She should not have been so friendly to me

One day she said to me I will give you this *bracelet* if you will let me ride your horse

He was the best horse anybody had around there I answered You do not need to pay me to ride my horse but if you will give me the bracelet I should like it

Her face was strange when she gave me that bracelet. I was afraid she would laugh at me but she did not My heart sang I did not understand them those people

On another day when we were standing on the top of the Blue Rock Mountain to which I had guided her she said Tomorrow I will go there and she pointed far away to the north

I told her It is far

I am going in the train she said I am going to my brother s house far beyond there He lives there because there is good hunting You can come there

When she began my heart was sick when she ended my heart was high with joy that she should want me to follow her

I did not watch her go There was no use I went on learning to be a singer and to make my self strong My heart was happy and I learned well I traded with Red Beard to get money I made more arrows with fine points to them A man came to the post who had a gun, the best I had ever seen It took me three weeks to steal that gun Every day I drew the north trail in the sand I gave that girl a name Nil olonoss Atat—that is in American Northern *Maiden*

A lot of time went by this way When I was ready, I went and *gambled* with my money I knew that I could not lose my medicine was sure I gambled with some Americans with their cards that was easy Then I gambled with Indians I won very much money so that I was rich Then I got every thing ready and rode away to the north

like a Mexican I talk a little Mexican So I went into town

That town was big It did not look as though I could ever find Northern Maiden there And I could not ask for her for I did not even know her name All I could do was to walk around and look for her

There were wild animals in the hills behind these woods and I hunted them for food When I was not hunting I stayed in the town I stayed eight days until I began to lose hope Then I saw her She was in a wagon with a man They had two good horses with it but the horses were not as good as mine I followed them out of town and saw their tracks in the snow along the road Then I ran to my camp

I threw away my American clothes then I sang and while I sang I tied up my hair like a Navajo My headband was good my shirt had a beautiful design on it my trousers had many silver buttons Then I rode out still singing

I looked all around me I said the north is not black The ground is white where the sun strikes it it is all color The sky is blue Our old men who say that the north is black do not know

When I rode into the ranch they were just getting out of the carriage They cried out with

surprise She had not thought I would come I sat still on my horse and rolled a cigarette But inside I was not still I looked at her and my heart kept on saying beautiful, beautiful, like in a prayer

She came forward to shake hands with me Some more men and women came out of the house and she told them who I was She told me to put my horse away and went with me while I took off the saddle Her face was red I could see she was glad to see me I could not speak I was afraid all those people would see what I was thinking When we were alone I gave her the horse At first she would not take it She gave me a room to sleep and to keep my things in Then she took me into the big room where the people were

away again but these people were there all the time

They were nice to me I stayed there a long time Those men were always going hunting they took me with them I was a good hunter so they thought well of me They liked a man who could do something better than they could They also thought well of me because I had come so far They asked me to play cards with them They did not play cards the way the Americans taught us except the man I did not like I won from them but never very much I did not think it was good to win too much from them They were my friends

The man I did not like was called Charlie He too wanted Northern Maiden One day I was coming down the long room they had that ran between the other rooms He was out there trying to kiss her the way Americans do I walked up He got red in the face and went away I made talk to her as if I had not seen anything

I thought that when it was time for spring in my own country I would ask Northern Maiden to come with me and I thought she would say yes

One day I was walking into the big room when I heard someone inside say my name The

man s voice was angry so I listened I could not understand everything that they said but I understood that Charlie was telling them that I *cheated* at cards This made them angry They said that if they caught me they would run me out They called me a damn Indian I was angry because I knew that Charlie cheated too as I have said I did not understand this so I went to Northern Maiden

I told her that the cowboys had taught us to cheat at cards that we thought it was part of that game An Indian is better at it than an American I did not say anything about Charlie She said that her kind of American did not cheat at cards any more than they told lies They were always honest So they trusted everyone who played in a game and that was why they were so angry Then I understood

I took my money and went to where they were I said Here is your money that I have won at cards I did not know you did not cheat until I heard you talking The Americans who played with us also cheated Now I will not cheat That is my word

Yes what he says is true He will not more Let him play

Charlie was still angry but he was afraid say anything

So then I played with them some more and watched Charlie I knew what I wanted to and I took my time like a good hunter Final my chance came Suddenly while he was movi his hand along the table to pick up his cards pinned it to the table with my knife He scream and everyone jumped up I took out my kni There was the *ace of diamonds* which he had hi den in the *palm* of his hand. And there was th hole in it made by the knife

Charlie went out of the room He was white the face The cowboys stood around for a litt while then they went away too I aid nothin waiting for them to thank me But nobody di Something was wrong

The man who understood about Indians cam over to me The rest went out.

Now he said you must go away It is no your fault Charlie is one of us You were righ to show that he cheated but not in front of al those cowboys Now we have lost face with them We are all made ashamed. You should have told

us, and then we would have caught him when no one else was here. I'm sorry.'

I said, 'I see, now I go.'

He shook hands with me. 'You are a good man,' he said. 'I want to be friends with you. I shall come and see you where you live. We shall hunt together.'

I said, 'Your talk is straight. It is good. Now I want meat and coffee and sugar to take on the trail.'

He brought me what I needed while I was saddling my horse. He gave me the money Charlie had won from me. He wanted to give me more.

'He will go to the train tomorrow,' he said. 'He is too weak now; you made him lose a lot of blood.'

hid in the corner behind a chair All the time I had my bow ready One by one they got up to go to bed until Northern Maiden was left alone. She stayed sitting and looking at the fire I could see that she was sad That did my heart good In the firelight she was beautiful I stood up I was still in the corner

Then Charlie came into the room I did not move He never saw me I made ready to shoot him He walked over until he stood in front of Northern Maiden For a while they looked at each other I waited Then he spoke

I m sorry

She said nothing

Can t you forgive me?

Then she spoke to him I could not understand all the things that they said but this I understood although she loved him she was sending him away because of the thing he had done She gave him back the ring which he had given to her

Then he went away holding his face down. He looked like a sick man I let him go

Northern Maiden at down in the chair again. She began to cry like an American hard so that it hurts and does no good I came then and half naked as I was stood in front of her She looked

up. She was not surprised. She was not afraid of me.

I said, "I did not know you loved him; now I do, I would not have done this. Here is the bracelet you gave me. I should not have it."

She said, "I understand."

Then I went away. I rode all night.

When I arrived home I had twelve good horses. These I showed to the people who asked me why I had gone away. It was good to see the valleys again, with the rivers full of water from the snows. It was good to hear my horses running in the sand, and to smell the dust of the trail.

I sat down by my mother's fire. The smoke was rising up straight. She was making a man's blanket. She said, "This is for you. Your blanket is worn out. You must choose yourself a wife; you are too much alone. That is the best [illegible] for you, to have a house and children. When the grass is green tell me the one you want. I shall get her."

LOAD

by Dudley Schnabel

ANDERSON PUSHED HIS EYE SHADE up and took the telephone call It was *mama* talking in a guarded voice

The police wass just here for Benny she whispered

A wave of fear went down the father s big frame then and his face white and strong like the hills of his native Iceland was tightly stretched

Eee ya? What now?

He was night load *dispatcher* for the Public Service Electricity Company and the workers all called him Cold Man Anderson He was not a handsome man but he seemed to belong in this great bare room with its rows of shining *meters* and its big white board which covered the whole west wall showing the various points of the city in relation to the half million horsepower of electrical energy which he controlled Every part

of the room and everything in it gave the impression of hard purpose

He leaned now toward the telephone some emotion twisting his mouth into an unusual line

Mama tried to keep back the tears

The police wouldn't say nothing Oh God Anderson!'

Has he been home since last night

'No A thick silence followed

Cold Man's glance moved uneasily over the bank of meters above his left arm dropped to a load report spread out before him wandered to the open newspaper on his desk

There was a robbery this afternoon in Riverhill he breathed into the mouthpiece

It was a store He could not tell her the rest

got bad company Oh my boy my boy! Now it iss the police I tell you—

Wait a minute mama hold the wire—

Mr Blount the director of power control was phoning from his home over a direct wire

Watch the weather Anderson said Blount. It s thundering up north here now There s going to be a bad storm Let me know if anything happens And for God s sake don t let section three go out!

Eee ya? What—? Section three ran out west, taking in Maychester which was the district where Cold Man himself lived

Senator Eylinger Blount went on is giving a speech in Maychester tonight and he ll probably have something to say about the electricity service Nothing must be allowed to cause a break down in that district. You understand?

That was all Mr Blount never took the trouble to say goodbye Anderson went back to the other telephone

Hello mama well—

What you been doing making me wait when your boy—

It wass the *boss* mama I haf to

Well please God my Benny gets away any way I don t care it s not his fault. You don t do

nothing but work and eat and sleep All he ever heard from you is load, load, load What could I do? I hope they don't get him, whatever he did, now!"

Cold Man shut his eyes tight, then opened them and saw on a meter that the load on section ten was up some Maybe mama was right about it Even now with his bad 18 year-old boy hunted by the police and mama crying about it at the other end of the telephone line Cold Man would have to hang up the phone and call the control station about section ten

"Well mama I talked to him many many times Should I have beaten him? He's too big for that I couldn't do nothing

that were so much Cold Man Anderson s play things that he could shut them off without a word and leave the whole city dark.

He asked the telephone operator to get Zymolski engineer at the Cook Street power station.

Eee ya Zymolski Anderson said when he got through It is going to be a bad storm I guess Pick up 15 t oosand at a t oosand a minute for section ten I take it off St Clements Station now He did a moment later

Though the workers laughed at Cold Man Anderson and his funny English it was a friendly and respectful laughter They knew that un assisted by throwing the energy from one place to another in the exact amounts required he could take the system through any storm however bad the breakdowns might be

But mama his tall thin dark wife sitting out in her Maychester house shaking her head at the telephone saw another Anderson He was all that a man should be for a husband but as a father especially to Benny she said Nei dal

Benny straight and tall and dark-eyed like his Norse mother had a way about him that his father could not seem to sense Benny had begun harmlessly enough a few years back with staying away *from school* had gone *on to* gambling

blossomed into an affair about some stolen automobile tires, and so as Cold Man had asked, what now? The evil breath of the big city was in Benny's moral system. Mama knew. She had known it for quite a while, had cried to Anderson about it. But he could only go on saying, from behind his weekly local newspaper, 'Well mama—'

Now he took the city phone again and asked for Police 1000. As he waited for the connection he thought with pain and sorrow of the family that he loved so much, of Benny, his only son, of his little daughter, of the little house with its painted walls and flowers, of the church in which he was a respected officer, of his neighbours, his [illegible] his friends. Things like this trouble of Benny's were cruel.

This is the [illegible] Police [illegible]

[illegible]

Ya I would like—

Well know where he is? The voice was throaty commanding

N no but if you will tell me something about it maybe I could think of something—

I ll tell you mister Your son took part in a robbery and murder in a Riverhill store this afternoon see? He s out your way somewhere now We went to your place—

Murder! So the police officer had died It was Benny who shot him maybe and he had died No not Benny! Not Benny What could you do now put up a fight for him here?

Ee ya? Wait a minute How you know it iss my boy in the murder? That was what mama would do fight for him But if it was true!

Ah we know Anderson We got ways of knowing I m telling you we went to your house and your wife says he hadn t been home for a week. But we know that he and his friend are around there and we ll get him the minute he shows his face see?

For a week she had said! Cold Man wondered in a sudden fear why she would lie that way He could not lie even for Benny Or could he?

My boy iss a murderer then!

It was a cry from the heart Cold Man had

known it from the moment mama called, it seemed Something about that story in the paper had told him

'Why, yeah—of course You're not surprised, are you? Huh We're not Anderson!

Benny, his own little boy that he used to hold in church and teach how to talk old Icelandic at night on the porch His boy, running away in the darkness afraid from the law and the justice of the people Mama biting her fingers maybe listening at the door, crying again But Benny—

From pure habit Cold Man went back to his [illegible] On the control meters before him he could see how the demand for energy might be lessening in one area where factories were shutting down for the night, or increasing in another where theaters might be opening The [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

But the slim brown boy hiding out in Manchester—Cold Man was also thinking about him and saying little prayers under his breath

Now a telephone call to the Baker Street Station Ya all right Drop ten t oosand reg lar The same to Addisonville

At 8 45 Blount called again

It s starting to rain up here now There s going to be a very bad storm Is everything all right?

Ya It iss okay now

And don t forget Senator What s his name! If you let the lights go out on him there s going to be hell to pay

Ee ya! Blount had hung up

Now Baker Street was standing by on 50 000 *kilowatts* Addisonville on 25 000 St Clements on 20 000 all base load The system was waiting for the storm to break waiting quietly as an experienced old fighter sleeps in his corner before the signal for the fight to begin

One man against the storm you might say Cold Man Anderson was ready to give his orders but thinking mostly about Benny when a th derhead came down from the north fierce s lightning

It was the beginning of the storm o worst in Chicago s history First an

time, it was circuit two that gave trouble Then it was number nine, and nine, covering the near north side, fed light to the 10,000 or so people who sat in theaters looking at plays or films

In the middle of all the activity and worry about Benny Cold Man wondered for a moment if the crowds in the theaters would know how bad the storm was, and not blame the system for breaking down

Cold Man Anderson was a fighter of lightning, and he knew what sort of enemy it was You never knew what it was going to do next Even when you thought you had it beaten it might let go just one last parting shot That is what it did—just as Anderson was sitting back thinking that all was over—in Manchester A tiny red light on the board came on and a tiny blue one shut it

Anderson began to move against the break on number three He put in a call for Zymolski

As he did so the outside phone rang

Ya! In his other hand he held the receiver that was waiting to carry Zymolski s answering voice to his ear

Anderson! It was Mama s voice He had expected it He knew what she was going to say He had thought the same thing himself and had pushed the idea away

Anderson! she repeated It is dark now—and he iss going He will haf to cross Main Street to get to the yards Keep the lights off—you!

Her voice was suddenly big and commanding

He s promised he ll get a boat and go back the grandmother s to stay To Reykjavik! He needs only half an hour of dark now—15 minutes maybe! You hear

Anderson tried to interrupt but she hurried on

"The police iss out in cars they don t watch the yards Anderson you got to—you got to gif him the chance—they re all around here but I kep him

"Well mama—"

"They would put him in prison and you can

gif him a chance. What good are you up there, Anderson, if you can't—'

Prison! It was murder now, but mama didn't know that. They would put Benny in the electric chair.

'God help you, Anderson, if you turn those lights on now!'

But section three was out. Three was out. 'Three—Mama's voice had broken now, awfully, as if she understood. '—your boy, I tell you—'

She did not have to tell him. Cold Man knew, and had known all along that it was in his power to do it without any danger of losing his job or facing trial. All you needed to say in the report was that it took you 15 minutes, half an hour maybe, to clear circuit three. A 15 minute break down could easily be explained away in such a

but with a face of iron and eyes that stared at nothing straight ahead Zymolski trained to wait, was on the other phone

All ready now Anderson Shall I let number three have it?

Once long ago Anderson had been afraid that maybe he and mama would not have any children any boy—

Ee ya he said not very clearly Let em haf it.

JACOB AND THE INDIANS

by Stephen Vincent Benét

IT GOES BACK TO THE early days

Well America you understand in those days was different It was a nice place but you wouldn't believe it if you saw it today Without busses without trains without states without presidents nothing!

With nothing but colonies and Indians and wild woods all over the country and wild animals to live in the wild woods Imagine such a place! I remember my own days as a boy and they were so different from now And in the times of my grandfather's grandfather they were different still

happen in this bad world. There was a *plague* and then a new grand duke—things are always so When he came out of it about all he had left was the teeth in his mouth but he would say little of it afterward He did not have to say—we Jews know what a black day is when it comes

Yet imagine—a young man with fine dreams and learning a scholar with a pale face and narrow shoulders set down in those early days in such a new country Well he must work and he did It was very fine his learning but it did not fill his mouth He must carry a pack on his back and go from door to door with it That was no shame it was so that many began But it was not discussing and explaining the Law and at first he *was very homesick It seemed to him at times that* the leather bands of his pack cut into his very soul and he was almost sick with desire for the smell of the chedar and the quiet streets of Rettelsheim and the tasty smoked goose breast that good Jewish housewives keep for the scholar But there is no going back—there is never any going back

Soon however he had a stroke of luck—or at first it seemed so It was from Simon Ettelsohn that he got the goods to fill his pack and one day he found Simon Ettelsohn arguing a point of the

Law with a friend. Our grandfather's grandfather stood by silently at first—he had come to fill his pack and Simon was his employer. But finally he could keep silence no longer, for both men were wrong, and he spoke up and told them where they were wrong. For half an hour he spoke, with his pack still upon his shoulders, and never was a point explained with more skill. Till, in the end, Simon Littelsohn threw up his hands and called him a young David. But best of all he invited this young David to his house, and there Jacob ate well for the first time since he had come to Philadelphia. Also he laid eyes for the first time upon Miriam Littelsohn. She was Simon's youngest daughter and as beautiful as a rose of Zion.

hands A big mouth for eating and drinking and telling stories—and he talked about the kappel huists in Holland till you d think they were made of gold And yet without doubt a rising man—that could not be denied He had started with a pack just like Jacob and now he was trading with the Indians and making money much money It seemed to Jacob that he could never go to the Ettelsohn house without meeting Meyer and hearing about those Indians And it dried the words in Jacob s mouth and made his heart burn

Jacob would search his mind for something more interesting to tell than the lives of the Hebrew *Prophets* He would tell of the Wars of the Maccabees and the glory of Solomon s *Temple* But even as he told he felt they were far back and far away While on the other hand Meyer and his damned Indians were there and Miriam s eyes shone at his words

Finally taking his courage in both hands Jacob went to see Simon Ettelsohn in his shop

I am tired of this small trading in pins and needles he said without more words

What would you have more? Simon Ettelsohn asked kindly

I would have much more said Jacob stiffly I would have a wife and a home in this new

country But how shall I keep a wife? On needles and pins?

'Well, it has been done, said Simon Ettelsohn, smiling a little 'Asher Levy the baker has a daughter It is true her eyes are a little crossed, but her heart is of gold He folded his hands and smiled

It is not of Asher Levy s daughter I am thinking, said Jacob Simon Ettelsohn nodded his head and his face grew serious

Well Jacob, he said I see what is in your heart Well you are a good boy, Jacob and a fine scholar And if it were in the old country perhaps But here you see I have one daughter married to a Seixas and one to a Da Silva You must see that makes a difference and he smiled the smile of a man well pleased with his world

And if I were such a one as Meyer [illegible]

gone out of his mind He looked at his narrow shoulders and his scholar s hands

Now Jacob he said gently do not be foolish A scholar you are and wise not an Indian trader To trade with the Indians—well that take a different ort of man. Leave that to men lik Meyer Kappelhuist

And your daughter that rose of Sharon? Shal I leave her too to Meyer Kappelhuist? criec Jacob

Simon Ettelsohn looked uncomfortable

Well Jacob he said it is not settled o course But—

I will go out against him as David went out against Goliath said our grandfather s grand father wildly I will go into the *wilderness* And God should judge the better man!

Then he threw his pack on the floor and walked out of the hop

Out in the street Jacob counted the money he had in his pocket It was not much He had hoped Simon Ettelsohn would lend him his trading goods but now he could not ask him. He tood in the sunlit street of Philadelphia like a man without hope

Though he thought it was hopeless he found hi

feet taking him to the house of Raphael Sanchez

Now Raphael Sanchez was rich enough to have bought and sold Simon Ettelsohn twice over A proud old man he was, with fierce black eyes and a beard that was whiter than snow

Jacob knew that this Raphael Sanchez looked down on Jews who were not of the pure Sephardic blood, but now, in his need he found himself knocking at that man s door

It was Raphael Sanchez himself who opened And what is for sale today, *peddler?* he said looking at Jacob s coat where the pack straps had worn it thin

A scholar of the Law is for sale said Jacob in his bitterness and he did not speak in the language he had learned in this country but in Hebrew

The old man stared at him [illegible]

Nor am I ashamed he said [illegible] the holy language Enter [illegible] And Jacob

So scholar he said though gently You have crossed an ocean that you might live and not die and yet all you see is a girl s face Then he added, still stroking his beard Do you know why I came to this country?

No said Jacob Stein

It was not for the trading said Raphael Sanchez. My family has lent money to kings A little fish a few furs—what are they worth to my house? No it was for the promise—the promise of William Penn—that this land should be a shelter not only for the Christians but for all men Well we know Christian promises But so this one has been kept Are you badly treated in the street here scholar of the Law?

No said Jacob They call me Jew now and then but the people are kind

It is not so in all countries said Raphael Sanchez with a bitter smile

No said Jacob quietly it is not

The old man nodded One must not forget that he said It is important Look —and he pulled a map from a drawer— here is what we know of these new American colonies and here our people are making a new beginning But here in the south in New France—see it?—and down the

great river from the north come the French traders and their Indians.'

'Well?' said Jacob, greatly puzzled.

'Well?' said Raphael Sanchez. 'Are you blind? I do not trust the King of France—the King before him drove out the Huguenots, and who knows what he may do? And if they hold the great rivers against us, we shall never go westward.'

'We?' said Jacob, even more puzzled.

'We,' said Raphael Sanchez. He struck his hand on the map. 'Some people think this country is only a mine, to be worked as the Spaniards worked Potosi, but it is not a mine. It is something which is beginning to live, though as yet it is feeble and nameless. But it is our fate to be part of it—remember that when you are in the wilderness, my young scholar of the Law. You think you are going there for a girl's face and that is well enough. But you must find [illegible]

Then he told Jacob what he would do for him and sent him away and Jacob went home to his room with his head going round and round with these new ideas But chiefly he thought of the rosy face of Miriam Ettelsohn

It was with the Scotchman McCampbell that Jacob made his first trading journey A strange man was McCampbell with hard features and cold blue eyes but strong and kindly though silent except when he talked of the Ten Lost Tribes of Israel For it was his belief that they were the Indians beyond the Western Mountains and on this subject he would talk endlessly

First they left the city behind them and then the nearer towns and soon enough they were in the wilderness It was very strange to Jacob Stein At first he would wake at night and lie awake listening while his heart beat fast and each sound in the forest was the step of a wild Indian and each cry of a bird was the sign for an attack. But gradually this passed He began to notice how silently the big man McCampbell moved in the woods he began to copy him He began to learn many things that even a scholar of the Law for all his wisdom does not know—how to fix a pack saddle on a horse how to make a fire the look of

dawn in the forest and the look of evening. It was all very new to him, and sometimes he thought he would die of it. Yet always he kept on.

When he saw his first Indians—in the woods, not in the town—his knees knocked together with fear. But he could not let others see that he was afraid, and his first fear passed.

As they plunged deeper and deeper into this unknown world Jacob noted carefully all the paths and trails, making a map of them, for that was one of the instructions of Raphael S[illegible]cher. And as he did this strange thoughts came over him. It seemed to him that the Germany he had left behind was very small and crowded together. It seemed to him that he had not known that the world was so

to him that they should surely turn back their packs were full He spoke of it to McCampbell but McCampbell shook his head There was a strange light in the Scotchman s eyes now and he would pray to God long at night sometimes it seemed to Jacob too loudly

So they came to the banks of the great river brown and great and saw it and the country beyond it like a view across Jordan There was no end to that country—it stretched to the limits of the sky and Jacob saw it with his eyes He was almost afraid at first and then he was not afraid It was there that the strong man McCampbell fell sick and it was there that he died and was buried Jacob buried him at a point high up overlooking the river and faced the grave to the west.

Jacob was now all alone in the wilderness In the winter he was taken prisoner by Indians of the Shawnee tribe He was not concerned when they got ready to burn him alive he had the feeling that it was not happening to him but to some other man Nevertheless he prayed as was proper for Zion in the wilderness he prayed But the Shawnees did not burn him It is said that

feet he called for water to drink. And that when putting the bowl to his lips, he found that the water there burned his mouth, he threw the boiling water back into the face of the man who had brought it. This, to the Shawnees, seemed like the act of a madman, and the Indians do not burn madmen.

There may have been other reasons why Jacob's life was spared. But he was allowed to live, and he passed that whole winter with the Shawnees, treated sometimes like a servant and sometimes like a guest, but always on the edge of danger.

Yet when the weather turned out [illegible] the hunt[illegible] had been [illegible]

ready for nations He could not have said why his thought had changed but it had.

I shall not tell all for who knows all? I shall not tell of the trading post which he found deserted and the large sum of gold which he found in the dead man s money belt I shall not tell of the half grown boy McGillvray that he found on the edge of a settlement—the boy who was to be his friend and business *partner* in the days to come—and how they traded again with the Shawnees and got many furs Only this remains to be told for this is true

On the way back to Philadelphia not 30 miles from Lancaster he met Meyer Kappelhuist—the big pushing man with red hairs on the back of his hands They greeted each other civilly and Meyer Kappelhuist drank liquor because of the meeting but Jacob drank nothing For all the time they were talking he could see Meyer Kappelhuist s eyes fixed greedily upon his packs of furs and he did not like that Nor did he like the looks of the three Indians who traveled with Meyer Kappelhuist Though he was a man of peace he kept his hand on his gun and the boy McGillvray did the same

Meyer Kappelhuist was anxious that they

should travel on together but Jacob refused for as I say he did not like the look in the redhaired man's eyes. So he said that he was taking another road and they parted.

Jacob turned off the trail that McGillivray knew of and that was well for him. For when he got to Lancaster there was news of the killing of a trader by the Indians who traveled with him and when Jacob asked for details they showed him the *scalp* of a redhaired white man.

He was scalped all right but we got the scalp back said our *frontiersman*. The Indian had it on him when we caught him. If you're going to Philadelphia right now you might take it with you—after all that's what he came for.

And what is your business with me frontiersman? said the old man staring

The price of blood for a country said Jacob Stein He did not raise his voice but there was a note in it that had not been there when he first knocked at Raphael Sanchez s door

The old man stared at him Enter my son he said at last and Jacob went in

He walked through the halls as a man walks in a dream At last he was sitting again by the dark table There was nothing changed in the room—he wondered greatly that nothing in it had changed

And what have you een my son? said Raphael Sanchez

I have seen the promised land flowing with milk and honey cried Jacob cholar of the Law and other things that were awful to behold Also there are 18 packs of furs in the storehouse You will not lose money on the journey And Mc Campbell died by the great river but he had seen the land and I think he rests well The map is not made as I would have it but it hows new things And we must trade with the Shawnees. And beyond the great river there is a country that stretches to the end of the world But what is the use of talking? You would not understand."

He put his head down on his arms for the room w is too quiet and peaceful and he was very tired Raphael Sanchez moved around the table and touched him on the shoulder

Did I not say my son th t there was more than a girl s face to be four d in the wilderness he said

no worse a scholar perhaps But this is a new country

It must be for all said Jacob For my friend McCampbell died also and he was a Christian

Let us hope said Raphael Sanchez and touched him again upon the shoulder Then Jacob lifted his head and he saw that the sun had gone down and the evening was upon them And even as he looked Raphael Sanchez s granddaugh ter came in to get all ready for the evening meal And Jacob looked upon her and she was like a *dove* with the eyes of a dove

had any good to say about Uncle Chris He walks ever with pain she would excuse him

Nonsense! the aunts said Yes it was true they agreed that he had an uneven walk—because of that accident in the old country But had any one ever heard him say anything about being in pain?

The aunts were very brave when they discussed their Uncle Chris in his absence When he was there shouting at them it was a different story It was Yes Uncle Chris No Uncle Chris You are right Uncle Chris

Papa said it was a good thing for the aunts that Uncle Chris came to the city only a few times a year The rest of the time he wandered up and down the state buying up old and rundown farms These he would build up again into good farms and then sell

"At a very good profit, you can be sure' Aunt Jenny would say

And the aunts would wonder aloud again at what exactly Uncle Chris did with all his money

Aunt Jenny s guess was that most of it went on liquor and some of the others were inclined to agree

Mama s Uncle Chris had done other awful things too First he had sold two family *heirlooms*

the valley towns and very ill Dying the letter said

Aunt Jenny wouldn t believe it. According to her Uncle Chris was too black hearted ever to die

Oh no! Mama protested. He is old It is perhaps time for him to go

We all went to the farm Uncle Chris s neighbor met us at the station and took us out there Even before we reached the front door we could hear Uncle Chris shouting—for a drink of liquor

Mama marched into his room and took his big hand in hers

Uncle Chris she said gently Liquor will not help you now

He looked at her for a long time his great head moving restlessly against the pillow Lille ven he said—which means Little friend in Norwegian— Lille ven I must not die Is yet so much to— Then he seemed to notice the aunts there at the foot of the bed

You think I am afraid to die? he stormed at them He sat up and roared Get out! Get out!"

And as I ran after them I heard him say to Mama Vomen! Vomen! Phh!

We sat outside waiting At last Mama came out.

"Uncle Chris is—gone," she said, and put her head down on Papa's shoulder.

Aunt Trina cleared her throat several times. We all knew what she was thinking—what had happened to her dowry money? Mama looked up and held out an old faded notebook.

"Ah," Aunt Trina sighed. "The will."

Mama shook her head. "There is no money left," she said.

There was a sharp silence. Aunt Trina cried, thinking about her dowry money. Aunt Sigrid talked about the family heirlooms which had been sold. After a while Aunt Jenny said under her breath,

[illegible]

aunts It was good she said But she also seemed to be asking a question of them

Aunt Sigrid stood up and took off her coat. 'There is work to be done was all she said

Aunt Trina put her handkerchief into her purse and offered to make coffee for everyone Aunt Marta looked at Arne

It was good Mama insisted again

Aunt Jenny who was the oldest touched Mama s hand It was good she agreed.

And all the aunts agreed.

Perhaps he was all the more American because in his native Scandinavia he had dreamed of America as a land of light Always even when he was tired and full of despair he beheld America as the one place in the world where it would be possible to find justice broad fair towns and eager talk and always he kept a young soul that dared to desire beauty

As a lad Knute Axelbrod had wished to be a famous scholar He had wanted to learn many foreign languages to know the whole of human history to bury himself in the wisdom of great books When he first came to America he worked in a sawmill all day and studied all evening He got enough book learning to become a teacher for a short while Then when he was only 18 a great hearted pity for faded little Lena Wesselius moved him to marry her Gay enough doubtless was their journey to new farmlands but Knute was at once caught up in a net of family ties and debts From then on till he was 58 he always seemed to be saving either his children from death or his farm from the people he owed money to

He had to be content—and content he was—with the second hand glory of his children s success

and for himself with stolen hours of reading—reading of those big, thick, dull books about history and economics which the lonely adult always seems to choose. Without ever losing his desire for strange cities and the dignity of towers he stayed on his farm. At last he had a farm which was free from debt, with good soil, with plenty of animals and a new windmill. He became comfortable, secure, and then he was ready, it seemed, to die; for at 63 his work was done, and he was unneeded and alone.

more free than at any time in his life For hours at a time he would sit on a backless kitchen chair before the shack—a wide shouldered man white-bearded motionless looking much one of the Biblical prophets of old

At first he could not get away from the regular habits of his past life He rose at five found work in cleaning his cabin and looking after his garden had dinner exactly at twelve noon and went to bed at sunset. But little by little he discovered that he could do things at any time he wished—or even not do them at all He would stay in bed till seven or even eight o clock in the morning He would purposely forget to clean his teeth There were occasions when he forgot to clean up the cabin or clear up after a meal The last step in his escape to a newer and freer life came when he began to take long walks by night All his life he had worked too hard during the day to stay awake at night all he could do was to fall into a heavy sleep in a close and airless bedroom. Now he discovered the mystery of the dark saw the wide prairies misty beneath the moon heard the voices of grass and cottonwood trees in the wind and the song of sleepy birds He would stop at the top of a small hill throw his arms wide and stand worshiping the naked sleeping land.

Of course it was not long before word began to go around the local community that old Knute Axelbrod was either going mad or had gone mad. The people around began to watch his every action, to ask him questions, and to stare at his shack from the road. He knew it and it made him feel bitter and angry. Doubtless this was the beginning of the train of ideas that was to lead to his great adventure.

morning when Knute Axelbrod was 64 years of age he decided that he would go to college All his life he had wanted to Why not do it?

When he awoke he was not so sure about it as when he had gone to sleep He had a clear picture of himself at college—a slow moving old ish man trying to be young with the young again But there was at least one thing which he felt sure he would have in common with the young—the desire to get knowledge of all kinds knowl edge for its own sake and to worship beauty in all its forms It was with this thought in mind that he decided to push back approaching old age and to prepare himself for college

Of all the subjects which he had to study to pass the college entrance examination the two which he found most difficult because they had least to do with actual life as he had lived it were Latin and mathematics But he mastered them He studied twelve hours a day as once he had worked 18 hours a day in the hayfields With history and English literature he did not have much trouble already he knew much of them from the reading he had done for pleasure From German neighbors he had picked up enough of that language to make it easy as a subject The trick of study began to come back to him from

his schoolteaching of forty-five years before. At last, after weeks and months of doubt and uncertainty, he forced himself to believe that he could pass the examination, and, after storing his few pieces of furniture in his son-in-law's house and buying some new clothing, he took the train to New Haven.

He passed the examination, though only just, and was admitted as a student to Yale University.

Knute Axelbrod may have been a dreamer of dreams, but he was no fool. It took him only a week or two to realize his mistake. It was really, as he soon found out, a double mistake.

simply to help him to understand life and so to enjoy all the more the last few years of his own life

There was Ray Gribble for example with whom he shared a room in college Gribble had been a school teacher in New England and seemed chiefly to desire college training so that he might make more money as a teacher This Ray Gribble at once got part time work teaching the backward on of a rich steel man and for his food he waited on table When he discovered that Knute s chief interest was in literature he said in a shocked way It seems to me that a man like you that s getting old ought to be thinking more about saving your soul than about all these unnecessary things like poetry and plays You leave all that to the foreigners and artists and stick to Latin and mathematics and the Bible I tell you I ve been a teacher and I ve learned by experience

Knute s second mistake was in having thought that those who like Ray Gribble had to work their way through college were finer nobler stronger altogether more admirable fellows than those students who did not have to work but could afford to spend their time talking about poetry by the fireside or listening to music or going for long walks or just dreaming Thus

though he felt that he belonged to the 'workers' he was more drawn to the 'dilettantes,' as these students were called.

Humbly though he searched, he found no comrade, young or old, to share his faith in the power of dreams or help to make it stronger. He was the 'joke' of his class, and even those who might have been secretly in sympathy with him and might have held out the hand of friendship were afraid to do so because they feared that they too might be thought 'queer.'

Soon the University began to lose the mist of magic through which he had first seen it. Earth is earth, whether one sees it in Camelot or Jerusalem or on the Vale of [illegible]. The buildings ceased to be temples of learning, and at them became merely halls made of walls and roofs filled with young men who [illegible] and [illegible] at him as he tried to think his thoughts

place As he pictured the whole college watching him making fun of him and his smile he was half ashamed and half angry He was lonely for his chair for the sunny doorstep of his shack and for the understanding land

One day after he had been in college for about a month he climbed to the top of East Rock from where he could see the Yale buildings looking like the towers of Oxford and see the white stretch of Long Island beyond the water He marveled that Axelbrod of the cottonwood country should be looking across an arm of the Atlantic to New York State

Suddenly he noticed at the edge of the rock one of the students in his class He was also a freshman He was a youth named Gilbert Washburn one of the well-dressed dilettantes about whom men like Ray Gribble had not a good word to say It was said that he had lived in Paris and had the best furnished rooms in college

Catching sight of Knute Gil Washburn rose from where he was sitting walked toward him and sat down on his seat.

Great view! he said His smile was eager

To Knute that smile stood for all the art of life he had come to college to find Every line in

his weathered old face deepened as he answered

Yes I think the Acropolis must be like this here

Say look here, Axelbrod I've been thinking about you

Yes

I think we ought to know each other All the rest think the same way about you as they do about me We came here to dream and these busy little bees like Cabletts or whatever your room friend's name is think we're fools not to go out for rides You may not agree with me but I've decided that you and I are exactly alike

at this book of Musset s poetry that I brought up here today I bought it when I was in France last year

From his pocket Gil drew such a book as Knute had never seen before a thin little book in a strange language bound in beautiful leather covers The little book was so fine and delicate and beautiful that the farmer almost feared to take it in his big hands.

I can t read it he said but this is the kind of book I always t ought there must be some like it.

Listen! cried Gil Ysaye is playing up at Hartford tonight Let s go and hear him We ll take the streetcar up I tried to get some of the fellows to come but they thought I was crazy

What an Ysaye was Knute Axelbrod had no idea but he replied in his loud deep voice 'Why sure!

When they got to Hartford they found that between them they had just enough money to get dinner hear Ysaye from the cheapest seats and return as far as Meriden At Meriden Gil suggested Let s walk back to New Haven then Can you do it?

Knute had no knowledge whether it was four

miles or forty back to the college but, 'Sure! he said

And they did walk singing together down the road beneath the October moon stopping to steal some apples from a fruit garden and to exclaim over silvered hills, taking a childish joy in running after a dog It was Gil who talked and Knute who listened for the most part but Gil got Knute to tell stories of the early days of storms of harvesting and of the first flame of the green wheat

They got back to the college at about five in the morning, Trying to find the words that would express his feeling Knute got out

Well it was fine I go to bed now and I dream about—

man and the well-dressed youth walking arm in arm down Chapel street at this time of night in search of an eating place suitable to poets They were all closed.

The Jewish quarter will be awake by now said Gil We ll go and buy something and take it to my room I ve got some tea there

In the Jewish quarter while Gil was buying boxed biscuits and cheese and chicken and cream Knute gazed upon Kosher signs and advertisements in Russian letters and on things and people such as he had never seen before And as he looked he gathered a contentment which he would never lose This night he had traveled far

The room of Gil Washburn was full of the sort of useless pleasant things that Knute loved to look at. Vast bearded sunk in an easy chair he expressed his pleasure while Gil lighted a fire

Over supper they spoke of great men and great ideas It was good talk. Then Gil read bits of Robert Louis Stevenson and Anatole France At la t he read some of his own poetry

It does not matter whether that poetry was good or bad. To Knute it was heaven to find someone who actually wrote it.

The talk grew slowly, and they began to feel sleepy. Knute felt it was time to go, and he hastily rose. As he said goodbye he felt as though he had but to sleep a little while and then return to this unending night of excitement and adventure.

As he left it was six thirty *of the morning* and there was a still hard light on the red wall.

"I can go to his room plenty times now. I find my friend," Knute said to himself. He held tight the book of Musset's poetry, which Gil had begged him to take.

As he started to walk the few steps to his own building Knute felt very tired. By daylight the adventure seemed more and more unbelievable.

As he entered his building he sighed heavily:

"Age and youth. I guess they can't get together."

was still sleeping heavily in the airless room he left

At five that afternoon an old man sat smiling on a westbound train A lasting content was in his eyes and in his hands a small book in French

GLOSSARY

ace of diamonds highest card in the group of playing cards marked with the design of a diamond

alfalfa plant used as food for animals

ancestor anyone earlier in the family line than persons of their

machine for getting about on, worked by the legs

blossom flower or mass of flowers on a tree or plant.

boss head of organization

bracelet band or chain worn on arm or leg

cheat do something which is not honest use trick

chedar school in which Jewish boys get knowledge of their religion and the Hebrew language

circuit way taken by electric current

cobbler one who earns living by making or repairing shoes

ompatriot person of the same country as another

ornet brass instrument of music with twisted pipes

ornstalk part of the corn plant which is left after harvesting

lentist person who earns living by taking care of people s teeth

ove a small bird regarded as representative of peace and love

doury money or property going with woman to man to whom she gets married

feast day day in memory of some happy event esp in connection with religion

frontiersman man who lives on the border line between settled and unsettled areas

gamble play cards for money

hammer instrument with head at right angles to hand part for hitting nails

harness leather bands by which horse is fixed to cart machine etc.

headache pain in the head

heirloom thing handed down in family

hogan Indian word for small house of the kind in which Indians live

host person who gives meal, room, etc., to another

immigrant one who goes or comes into country for purpose of living there; to migrate to [illegible], to

meter instrument for measuring

minted made into coins

misery unhappiness

moccasins soft shoes made of skins worn by Indians

palm inside part of hand

papa father

partner one who shares, as part-owner of business

door-to-door trade in small goods

picnic meal taken in the open air

plague disease affecting great numbers of people at the same time

prophet religious teacher who foretells future events

rainbow colored arch seen in the sky as effect of sun s rays on falling raindrops

rake pull get out by using rake = instrument with comb-like end at right angles to long handle

ranch farm esp for cattle sheep etc.

restaurant public eating place

robbery act of taking other people s property etc. without right and often with use of force

sawmill machine for cutting wood worked by power

scalp skin and hair of top part of head

scholar man of learning

shack small rough house generally of wood

tailor one who makes, repairs clothing

telegram words letter sent by telegraph = a way of sending signs or sounds to a distance by use of electric current.

temple place of worship

thistle sort of field plant having sharp points on leaves

tune group of notes in an order forming the

music of strong time- less without any re- cognizable tune

[illegible] used for holding flowers

[illegible] instrument of music with four strings

[illegible] great [illegible] skimmed from

green outside and red inside

[illegible] land which has not been farmed, settled etc

will: a paper written by a person before he dies telling what is to be done with his property after death